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DECEMBER, 1952

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Northwest DIGEST

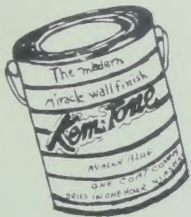
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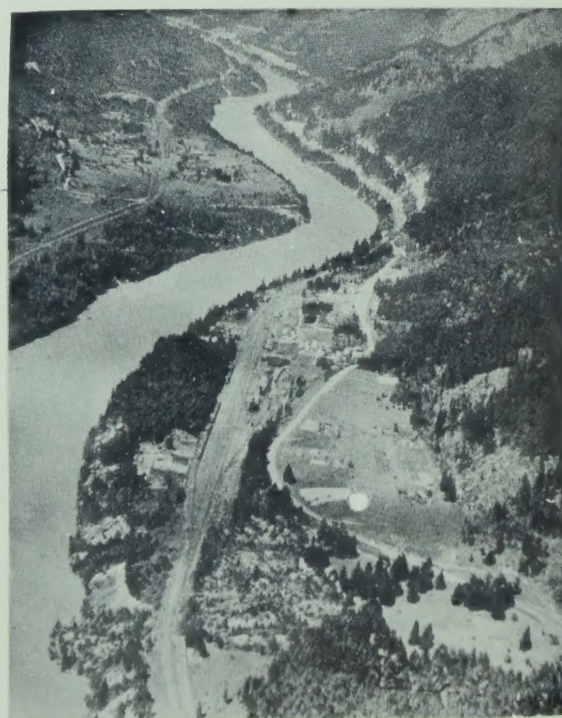
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DR. FRASER BUCKHAM
COLLECTION

BCPM-MODERN HISTORY 1875-189
TO THE EDITORS



HOBSON NOT THE FIRST

My friend Rich. Hobson writes a very interesting article about staying ahead of the roadbuilders but he must admit that he has been away behind the trail builders, as the enclosed clipping will bring to your notice.

Alexander MacKenzie went thru Blackwater country a mere hundred and ten years before Rich. was born.

It will also show that roads are going thru the country that he has left behind, so that the touch of civilization continues to track him down, and makes his batting average 100% to date.

The people who made the original trails and planted the pioneer ranches have all become good neighbours to him in his several locations but whether they will blame him or bless him for what follows him along the route, still remains to be seen.

Prosperity may or may not be but poor compensation for the loss of the original primal state of living amidst the best in nature.

Let us hope that the people of Vanderhoof do not pick on him for the destruction of the mighty Nechako River which is another effect of civilization in the form of dead politics.

Ray Baxter.

Terrace, B. C.

The clipping from a newspaper Mr. Baxter enclosed with the above letter reads:

BELLA COOLA-Board of Trade sent another party into the wilderness... under the leadership of Elijah Gurr to scout out the last few miles on the roadway leading from the interior of the province to the coast.

Starting with a bulldozer several weeks at Anahim Lake, the three-man crew has punched through 22 of the 36 miles of road through the mountains.

Last report from the road builders indicated they had reached the height of land and were about to dip into Young Creek Valley.

Of the remaining 14 miles to be done 11 miles are known to be fairly easy construction with a bulldozer. The last three miles will present problems in the way of rock work, but plans are being made by the people of Bella Coola to do that work this winter so that by summer of 1953 road connections will have been established.

Board of Trade representatives who have inspected the terrain declare that for three miles or less of rock work a third outlet to the Pacific will be established, an outlet that will be

far more favorable than either the Fraser or the Skeena routes.....

The Bella Coola Valley was the route to the sea used by Alexander MacKenzie in 1793 and was a route to the gold fields of the Cariboo in the 1860's.

The January issue of the Northwest Digest will feature the Bella Coola Road and the men who have the determination and courage to work in order to achieve their needs. —Eds.

CANNOT AGREE.

Realizing that your intentions are the very best... yet I cannot agree with your opening paragraphs in the October editorial regarding cutting our forests at a "suicidal" rate.... "hacking and slashing away" type of logging. There is NO other type of logging and never will be. To get a crop out.... you have to take it out OR LET IT ROT. This talk is not your own. It belongs to those sanctimonious people who are afraid someone is making two bits, or else to the sentimental old ladies who cannot cut a flower without weeping.

R. Baxter.

Terrace, B. C.

We ask other readers for their opinion regarding our forests and the logging methods and cutting rate in use. —Eds.

MINE OF REFERENCE.

.... We keep all the Digests in safe custody as they are a mine of reference.

May I say that the article written by Richmond Hobson Jr. expressed my views completely as regards these encroachments on our lovely outdoors intruding on our wild life and their domain. Also the picture of the moose and article by Eric Collier was grand.

Mrs. J. Grainger.

Burns Lake, B. C.

82 YEARS YOUNG!

I have been Locomotive Engineer, Editor of a Daily, Weekly and Semi-weekly newspaper and I know the expense of publishing.

Sometime in 1893 on the south border of the United States, just south of the state of Kansas, occurred the maddest land Rush and Stampede in history.

The new Territory of Oklahoma was being settled in a small way, when the U. S. Government decided to open the country to settlement by permitting settlers to assemble on the border,

continued next page

LETTERS

TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

and, at a pistol shot from an U.S. Marshall, the Rush began.

Men on foot, on horseback, men in buggies and covered wagons and many raced on fast horses, to get a choice homestead or city lot.

Weeks before the opening on Sept-16, 1893, hundreds of "Sooners," had sneaked into the country and were hiding in the clumps of Black Jack timber of the Sand Hills.

I had driven 500 head of range horses 1600 miles from the state of Oregon to the new Territory of Oklahoma, which had just been carved out of the Indian Territory, where Cherokee, Creeks, Seminoles and other Indian tribes had been settled from time immemorial.

So, on the appointed day, I with many other thousands rushed into the "Strip," as the long, narrow strip of country was called.

From the Blue Grass, Texas, which lay near the border, I rode my old Buck Skin saddle horse into the new land.

In 1894 I was nominated for County Clerk in M County, as Woodward County was then called. Later I helped Billy Bolton, an old newspaper man from Greensburg, Kansas, set up his printing plant in Woodward. . . . so I have done my part in settling up the "Last Great West," but we did not have in Oklahoma, a publication to equal the Northwest Digest. . . .

Bert Huffman.

New Westminster, B. C.

NOT INTERESTED IN SOUTH SEAS.

As a recent subscriber to the Northwest Digest magazine I am very disappointed with the October issue. I, like many others am interested in what is happening in B. C. and Northern B. C. not in the South Sea Islands. Surely with all that is happening in our northern towns you could find something more interesting than the South Pacific. . . . so let us have more pictures and stories of the potentialities and business and farming opportunities of the land around Quesnel and Prince George and the Northern country.

Ronald O. Bird.

New Westminster, B. C.

SWELL MAGAZINE.

You have some very interesting articles. I especially enjoyed "Life On The Ocean Waves? - Phooey!" in the October issue.

Thanks for a swell magazine.

Helen Ryder.

Riske Creek, B. C.

CARIBOO CONVEYANCES



By JAMES M. BISHOP

A victim of B. X. Mismanagement
Beaver Pass, July, 1909.

The B. X. runs a stage line up into Cariboo
The things they don't accomplish would tire me telling you.
Their horse's rigs and outfit are fit for Kingdom Come
And when they make a mile an hour they think they're "goingsome"

One driver Stuart Adamson, is a wonder so to speak
He has sounded all the canyons, the depth of every creek
He is now so used to upsets, he counts the trip illspent
That fails in leg or arm or head to make a healthy dent.

I started for a ride this Spring, Quesnel to Barkerville
And just beyond the Pine Grove, we had a nifty spill,
The Mine Recorder, Hunter Joe and Member Harry Jones
With Hans, from up on Anderson, escaped all with whole bones.

But me they razzle-dazzled in snow and slush and mud
And Hans and Jones rolled o'er my bones with a dull and sickening thud
George Walker and Joe Wendle were dropped like chunks of lead
While Driver Stuart, to show off, just stood upon his head.

My ankle wrenched and twisted aching fit to kill
I blessed that blooming driver with right good Bishop will
He thought it "rawther clewaw" in about a week to shout
" 'igh living cawn't agree with you, that swollen foot's the gout. "

Once more he tried athletics, the next trip it was done
John Hopp and Melbourne Bailey with Sheriff Stevenson
He dumped, with P. M. Murphy, quite close to Beaver Pass,
Bet Blacksmith King and Mrs. King think Adamson an ass.

He jumped the Devil's Canyon horse, rig and load
Then travelled into Slough Creek for help to reach the road,
The only time that Barkerville was reached in royal style
Was when the horses went alone and Stuart ran a mile.

- courtesy Rhoda Wells, Quesnel, B. C.

ROTTEN DEAL.

...Certainly enjoy your editorials especially the one in the September issue. If you are interested I would advise you to look into the rotten deal the Fraser Valley farmers are getting from this trans-mountain oil pipeline.

L. F. Nicholl.

Langley, B. C.

COVERED 35 MILES PER DAY.

I enjoy reading the magazine; the

Cariboo district is certainly becoming of great importance and the population will, no doubt increase in a large way from now on.

It is some 60 years since I first visited Quesnel, Barkerville etc., no motor cars then, and we covered about 35 miles per day, NOT 50 miles per hour.

F. T. Cornwall.

Kamloops, B. C.

Pioneer Judge's Wife

Part ten of the heretofore unpublished work

by Eunice M. L. Harrison

CHAPTER 33

CAMPS.

THE DASH OF THAT driving; the swish of those phaeton wheels over our front drive, with the up-rush spray of small stones to the finders, as the brake was suddenly applied, said "Bagster" and nobody else.

"Hello Eunice! Have you a free afternoon? Then get your hat and cloak and come with me!" There was no resisting my brother in that infectious mood.

But where was he driving? I asked after we had gone beyond the city limits. Soon I recognized Cordova Bay - more distant then, it seemed, and certainly fringed by more forest.

We were quickly down steps to the broad beach of fine sand. "Do you see that camp?" he asked. I looked at a long line of tents - about a dozen, each with a crossed British and Canadian flag at the top, and a two plank side walk in front of the line.

"Whose tents are those?" I asked in astonishment.

"Yours and mine," he answered. "Here," as he deftly guided me along the new board-walk, "is the dining tent; next is the cooking-tent and beside that is a tent for the China house boy. Here's E's," and so on.

Bagster showed me over it all, while the odour of new canvas, new floors and side boards of the tents, pleasingly blended with that of the warm inland coast waters and the high evergreens that almost touched the backs of the tents.

"But - but, what is the meaning of all this?"

"Just that we're all going to spend several weeks' camping by the evergreens of Cordova Bay beach."

To stop my laughing protests, Bagster turned on the latest model of Edison. It was 1898.

So began exhilarating camping days.

I have several snapshots of that early camp with its line of tents. The Chinaboy, with his white coat, apron and long cue stands proudly beside the

cook tent, only too pleased to have part in the white man's eccentricity.

Bagster stands nonchalantly in front of one tent, in the dress of a successful business man of 1898 just in from town before changing. The Judge, now arrived from the Nanaimo Circuit, stands rather heavily by a log, and wears a tall, hard black hat, something like a bowler. A pepper and salt Norfolk jacket of 1898 cut is the only concession to the beach. The others look as if they had stepped out of "Harper's Bazaar."

It was an old Victorian custom, until about the start of the first Great War, for a summer exodus of residents to beach camps in the long vacations. Some of the beaches were practically under canvas for the summer months, so numerous were the parties of campers.

At night, countless fires made from the abundant drift wood lying on every hand, gave off a rather savage lighting effect, and the smoke from the various sorts of sun dried woods - which had long been tossed smooth and white by inland seas - often had a pleasing fragrance.

Amateur musicians were not only within and in front of tents but they took to rafts, canoes, row boats and yachts.

That was when the beaches had become more crowded and public. Otherwise it would be limited to two or three parties far away on a mile stretch of sand.

The camps were nearly all given rather fantastic and often facetious names: "The Three Black Crows" or something a la Chinook, i. e. :IKUM-UKUM.

They ranged in size from one or two tents to really large and elaborate affairs on the foreshore of one's own property or adjacent to that of one's friend's, as in the case of Bagster.

Sometimes the tents were accessory to a beach cottage set somewhat back from the shore line. Everyone we knew had some such summer place, with log cabins in the wooded country for Fall shooting.

My older sons regularly took to fishing tackle, shot guns and rifles, when they temporarily put aside law studies for a fortnight every Fall.

Often they strewed the concrete floor of my basement with dozens of pheasants; and grouse; several deer and countless quail. With plenty over for presents to legal and other friends.

Once there was a large timber wolf which soon became the wonder of passers-by in the window of a downtown taxidermist, who asked permission to display it a few days.

"Quick, mother! 'Whig' has cut a vein!"

He had been handling a new, very sharp small game axe. Hurried flight to the first aid material; fast bandaging by none too expert hands. I got the youth on to the down E&N train for Victoria, which fortunately had not left yet; of course there were no motor cars then.

On that occasion, we were camping beside Shawnigan Lake, some of the elders staying at the old Strathcona Hotel, then in its hey-day as a fashionable summer resort.

This accident cast gloom over the opening of camp for he was our favorite out-doorsman and the life of such a party. The cut required stitching and the mark of it, I believe, is on his wrist today. A close call.

I don't know whether I was more anxious about the Fall hunting or the summer camps. Both could become dangerous. Knowing the good they did I forced myself to become philosophical. No use crossing bridges.

As a matter of fact there were no further outing accidents in our family.

On one occasion in the pre-motor days, I went on a visit to Bagster's and Todd's camp, several log cabins picturesquely set amidst the pines beside Sooke Lake.

The road at that time was particularly steep. The coachmaker was busy all the previous day on Bagster's vehicle; besides mysterious things, to my sight, he added special thick-nesses of leather attached to the

continued on page 19



The Bridge

By Arthur Downs

A CHILL December wind hustled streamers of snow down the sidewalk swayed the strings of lights and bunting strung across the main street and went on to tug the overcoat of a tall, well built young man leaning motionless against the railing of the bridge. He stood with chin resting in gloved hands, eyes fixed on the ribbon of

water that took shape from the blackness, swirled dark and angry as it funneled under the bridge supports, and disappeared into the night downstream.

'Towards die many times, the valiant taste death but once,' a poet had once written. Who was the coward in his case he wondered. He would die just once. Tonight. By his own hand. Would that make him valiant, or a coward? It would be interesting to find out. Society on the whole would condemn him, even prosecute him if by some chance the river washed him ashore without first stilling his heart. But, he asked himself, what right had society to meddle? It was his life, given to him to live as he saw fit, and to end as he saw fit. It was not society's place to judge. Man worshipped a God whom he credited with power over all men. That God would do the judging. His decision would be the one that counted.

He removed his gloves and placed them carefully in his overcoat pocket, and felt his fingers touch the soft velvet of the box. He was tempted to have a last look at the ring, but what was the use? He knew what it looked like. Knew that its diamond sparkled like stars and that it would bring joy brighter than morning sunlight. But she would never receive it. Gwen would never know that he had intended giving it to her, although in the way of women she had let him know that she was waiting and ready for him to ask.

He looked toward the hill, looked past the first and the second house to the third, to the shaft of light that beckoned from the window. Inside logs would be crackling in the fireplace, the Christmas tree standing straight and proud, and Gwen sitting on the couch, wrapping gifts and waiting for

him. He pictured the long auburn hair sparkling in the firelight, the eyes that were the blue of a mountain lake the smile that was as natural as green grass in spring.

Why had she fallen in love with him, he wondered? An ex-second officer who had gone from job to job with the desperation of a hungry dog seeking a meal in a back alley. And yet they were in love, had been from the time they first met. What had he to offer? Six months a reporter, nine months roughnecking in the oilfields, a year in the Yukon, a day here, a week there. He thought of his last job. The shout that he hadn't heard over the roar of the bulldozer, the torn body of the foreman, the inquiry, the verdict that had absolved him of all blame, but still the thought that the tragedy might have been averted. Gwen had understood and sympathized with him, and it was then that he had realized that she deserved someone who was settled and could provide a home and the security of a steady job. He remembered her answer when he had tried to tell her.

"You can't expect to find something overnight, Paul," she said. "The war left scars that will never heal completely. Look at my brother. Since he came back he's been as uncertain and unsettled as you, but he is slowly getting over it. So will you. It just takes time."

He turned his head from the direction of the window and stared again into the darkness upstream. Gwen's words might be true, he reasoned, but what right had he to experiment with her life. He should know definitely whether or not he wanted to marry. Other people knew, or seemed to know, although judging from the number of marriages that ended in failure, it was doubtful if they really did know. What was love anyhow? he wondered, and how did a man know that he was experiencing it? In a way it was like death. No one could explain it, yet everyone went through it. Once in Tahiti, he thought himself in love, but as he riffled the pages of time in his memory, he wondered.

That day in 1941 he had gone ashore to escape the heat and boredom of the

ship, and after walking along the beach had lain under some palms and fallen asleep. Shortly afterward he awakened with the feeling that someone was watching him. He opened his eyes and felt his pulse falter. Her hair was as dark as a stormy night, she was as slender and supple as a willow branch, and her complexion was as flawless as a wild orchid. He decided that he was dreaming and lay back again. When he opened his eyes a minute later she was still there. "Do you talk English?" she asked.

"Only when convenient," he said.

"I am Toraki," she stated simply.

He rubbed his eyes. "For a moment I thought you were Dorothy Lamour and I was Tarzan."

"You are like Tarzan," she admitted. "Only Tarzan wears no shoes."

He looked at her a moment and removed his shoes. Then he stood up and she walked with him back to his ship. "When do you come ashore again?" she asked, when they reached the gangway.

"Tomorrow afternoon."

"Then I see you."

After that she had met him whenever he came ashore, until finally the sands of time had run out. The last night they lay together on the beach where they had first met. "Stay with me, Paul," she whispered, as the morning sun gilded the crests of the distant breakers. "Stay with me and the islands forever."

He looked from the girl to the ship and from the ship to the green palms and the blue lagoon and the clear tropical sky. He felt the soft trade winds on his cheeks and Toraki's even softer hand in his. She represented the life that poets and artists extolled as paradise; the ship represented nothing but loneliness, hardship and even death. Yet without thinking he knew what he must do. "I am sorry, Toraki. My country is at war. Perhaps someday I will return."

But as he spoke he knew it wasn't so, and by the tears that welled suddenly into her eyes, he knew that she knew.

The glare of headlights snapped him back to reality and he stood motionless while the car passed and then watched the tail-lights disappear around the bend. Then he looked toward the hill. The light still shone from Gwen's window. He looked at the river. The waters ran dark and swift. He hesitated, then reminded himself that he had already decided. He removed his hand from his pocket, and slowly worked the top button of his overcoat loose. Then he reached for the second, felt the hard button between his fingers, and pushed it through the hole. The cold night air rushed in and he hesitated again.

Wait! he told himself. Go away. Anywhere. Then Gwen can marry

someone else. He pondered a moment. It was no solution. He would only return, or else she would come to him. There was only one decisive way. He reached for the third button. A second car approached, slowed briefly while someone shouted "Merry Christmas" and then sped on past.

"Merry Christmas" he thought. "Peace on earth, goodwill to men." Too bad humanity didn't practice what it preached. He raised his head and looked toward the town. Neon signs twinkled red and green and yellow against the sky, smoke from a dozen chimneys rose into the air, and lights from a hundred windows fingered into the night. Inside those homes would be Christmas trees, decorated and bright; children with scrubbed and happy faces; people wrapping and expecting gifts. In other parts of the world, too, people were waiting for Christmas. In Korea the gifts would be bullets, the decorations blood in the snow, and the sleigh-bells the screams of the wounded. In India and China and many other countries the gifts would be misery and want, starvation and poverty. In Russia the gift for many would be death, the only release from the misery and inhumanity of slave labor camp and prisoner of war stockade.

Peace on earth, goodwill to men, the church bells would be pealing. He turned his head and stared again into the darkness, half expecting to hear the drum of engines as he had on that Christmas Eve in 1944. The German bombers had roared in from the Arctic night, bomb bays open, machine guns winking death. The second mate had stopped a burst with his chest, the Captain and Cadets had died in

their bunks, yet he had been unscathed. Why? he asked himself a hundred times. Why they and not he?

He had noticed the same question in the eyes of the second Mate's wife when he delivered her husband's personal effects. There seemed to be no answer to the why. He believed neither in prayer nor in God, yet he had been spared. The second Mate had died with a prayer on his lips and a wife and daughter left to fend for themselves. It was God's way, some would say. Why should that be? he asked himself. Surely God wasn't a vindictive being, someone who spared a man from one fate with the premeditated purpose of destroying him elsewhere. And why did God allow man to kill one another if he had the power to prevent it?

Because man will not heed the Lord's word, some would say. Then it is up to the Lord to make man heed His word. The father is responsible for the child, the obligation is on him to make the child obey, the onus is on the Lord to make man believe His word. But, he realized, mere words would solve nothing. They had been argued back and forth since the dawn of time. Now was the time for action.

What was death anyhow? he wondered. Why did man fear it? If heaven were a finer place than earth, man should be glad to leave, his passing should be an occasion of joy, his departure celebrated and those left behind should be envious. Instead man clung to life with all the resources at his disposal, and when he died those behind mourned his passing and were inwardly glad that it was not they who had been called to their reward. It was all mysterious, but for him the

mystery would soon be unlocked. He loosened the bottom button of his overcoat and prepared to take it off.

"Why are you doing that?" a quiet voice suddenly asked.

He spun around and saw that the question came from a small boy. He carried a hockey stick over his shoulder and his wool toque was pulled low over his forehead. "Well, I'm - I'm trying to get my handkerchief," Paul said.

"Why don't you carry it up your sleeve? If I had a daddy that's where

concluded on page 17

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"Santa Claus? - Oh he was the jolly old fellow who used to bring everybody gifts for Christmas - until the radio give-away programs put him out of business."

Rainbow's End

By William D. Morris



THE TITLE OF THIS article may convey the impression of an idyllic scene. A beautiful little valley whose grassy floor is broken by a meandering brook of crystal-pure water, babbling along on its way to the sea. A few white cottages shaded by giant White Elms whose outstretched arms find joy in the protection they offer, nestle harmoniously against the breast of the Earth that never feels the sting of Winter. This, where the azure of heaven never succumbs to the threat of storm or strife, is, indeed, Rainbow's End. This is the Rainbow's End most of us have in mind as the long years of toil demand their toll and we become tired of labour, grief, poverty. However, this article does not deal with this but rather with an entirely different aspect of the Rainbow, in one sense, but one which it is quite possible, could bring such a dream into actuality.

The fairy-stories have depicted a pot of gold at Rainbow's End and this latter view is the point of interest interpreted herewith; and the reader doesn't have to be a fairy-prince or princess to find the pot of gold either although the rewards gained could quite easily cause one to feel like these mythical creatures.

Of course everyone living in Cariboo or vicinity, associates that fabulous region with gold and this, quite naturally, for gold led men by the thousands, yes, tens of thousands, to the mountains, valleys, creeks and forests of Cariboo, making violent history in one of the most stupendous Gold-Stampedes of all time. Many fortunes had their inception in this wilderness. According to the history books, \$50,000,000.00 was taken from this region but this is evidently a gross misstatement. Actually there is not much doubt that the amount of gold reclaimed from the fields of Cariboo exceeded \$150,000,000.00. . Even today this great land is relinquishing more than a million dollars annually and there seems to be no limit to what can be taken. The gold is not gone from Cariboo by any means. There are a great many more fortunes to be made out of these valleys, creeks, mountains and forests. There has been

wealth discovered only to be lost again. The disappointment incurred must, indeed, have been extreme. There have been many cases of lost fortunes. Some have been attended with death and robbery but not always has foul-play been a factor. Men have lost their way in this vast land torn apart by the glaciers of ten-thousand years ago. The thought of gold does queer things to a man's mind and it is well to take into consideration, everything that may and could, jeopardize, the safety of the treasure-hunter. This is a land that takes advantage of any mistakes a man might make, no matter how small. Cariboo is a task-master, but to those who understand her, a good one who can give as well as demand. Take heed all you who would stalk her Hinterlands unprepared. Though 'Gold-Fever' can be dangerous in the extreme if given the utmost possession of a man's soul, a small taste of it is exciting but can become a drug like opium, heroine, or cocaine and must be guarded against just as rigidly.

Of course lost mines are part of every country's history but Cariboo seems to have had more than her just share. It may be that the gold-hungry men took far greater chances in their search; forgetting that Cariboo would offer no solace to the greedy and unprepared. The terrain, no doubt, played an important role in defying these interlopers complete freedom. However, whatever the cause, many potential fortunes lay as they were first discovered; in the valleys, mountains, creeks and forests of Cariboo. Some of these stories are not well-known; others are general knowledge, but either make interesting food for thought. Take, for instance, the following episode that is actually true; its participants, though not disclosed here, are still living in Cariboo, still healthy and not as old as one might be led to presume:-

A prospector had been on an exploratory expedition through the Swift River country and at the end of a month and the close of his trip paused atop a small mountain very near to the Barkerville Road at Beaver Pass. The man had been prospecting and explor-

ing the country in general but had found nothing of any moment. As he sat on the heavily-wooded mountain-top, the heel of his hob-nailed boots formed a furrow in the gentle slope, causing small pebbles to roll freely. This informed the miner that he was sitting on a gravel-bank. Even this did not excite him for he had discovered much gravel during his recent travels. However, as he prepared to leave, he half-filled the gold-pan that up until then had dangled from his pack-board, and because there was no water available, decided to take the gravel down the mountain-side to where Lightning Creek flowed erratically through the heaved-up pass.

Imagine the prospector's surprise when, after he had finished washing the gravel in the pan, he discovered half an ounce of gold. Now, that amount of gold taken from such a small amount of gravel is enough to cause a stampede. Approximately \$16.00 to the shovelfull of gravel. The man never, in his wildest dreams, ever expected to find such fabulous wealth. He hurried to Beaver Pass where he caught the stage and was not long in getting to Wells where he immediately contacted a friend, who, with him, formed a partnership for the purpose of exploiting the new discovery. Quietly these two men procured enough supplies to last a couple of weeks and they then returned to the mountain to work the gravel and stake claims before giving away their secret.

Now, to continue, these men should have made millions; should now be living in comfort in that Rainbow's End mentioned in the first paragraph of this article; but that was not to be. The prospector could not and never has since, found his lost hoard. It is still there somewhere on that mountain-top 'mid the roots of hemlock and spruce; waiting -waiting. The prospector kept the gold in a small jar for many years as a reminder but during the lean 'thirties was forced to exchange it for food at one of the small stores which cater to the prospector and trapper of this region.

Another fortune lies buried somewhere along the top of Wingdam Mountain and not far from the side of the

road that runs between Quesnel and Barkerville. This tale was told to the author by a man of unquestionable honesty and integrity and while one of the most important business-men of the district had, at one time, been sheriff then magistrate for many years and whose word was his bond in all matters.

It was shortly after the turn of the century when some of the big operations near Barkerville were using miles of hydraulic pipes and flumes for washing the gravel, that a twelve-horse team was snaking it's three heavy wagons, closely hitched, along the top of Wingdam Mountain when an axle broke. As the front of the rear wagon settled to the ground, the wheels succumbed to the strain of their new position, crumpling in a splinter of spokes and hub to the road. Misfortune did not cease here, however, for as the front-end of the rear wagon started to drag, it was caught against an upthrust of granite ledge over which the roadway had been constructed and before the teamster had time to bring the outfit to a stop, the wrench had twisted the rear axle and reach of the centre. The big freight-outfit came to an abrupt halt. The rear wagon could not be repaired en route and must be returned to Quesnel, the nearest point where such facilities for the job were available. The second wagon was not in such bad condition and repairs could be easily effected on the road by using parts of the demolished vehicle.

The driver and his helper set to work as soon as possible. They unloaded the wagons, placing the lead ingots which was their cargo, onto the side of the road, then disassembled the vehicle and with salvaged parts, repaired the centre wagon. The outfit was then turned around, the crippled freight-vehicle loaded into one of the others, on the point of departure, the driver decided that he and his assistant had better move the lead further from the road and out of the way of prying eyes. After much labour this was accomplished.

This lead, used as caulking in the hydraulic-lines belonged to one of the big concerns near Barkerville and though it seemed to the casual that the company was making big money, the excessive cost of development-work caused some of the members to withdraw their support, thus hastening

financial collapse. The workings were closed as the company went bankrupt. Word of this disaster sifted down to Quesnel where the driver was even then having his wagon repaired. This caused him no alarm as the lead belonged to the company and the freight charges had been paid before the outfit had left Yale, the head of navigation on the Fraser River. The lead was left to the mercies of nature. Lead, of course, is, so far as we are concerned, indestructible. Lead took two billion years to transform itself from Uranium. Whether another two billion years or so will see another transformation need not bother us in the least for probably very few of us will need lead in any of it's forms by that time. Of prime importance is the fact that eight tons of lead lies hidden from sight along the top of Wingdam Hill. Eight tons of lead would not make a very big pile but it would be heavy. In fact it would weigh eight tons. It is easy to suppose that when the Fall of the year came along, the leaves, withering fast as they do in the heights of Cariboo, would fall, covering the lead. Then the snows would come and frost would creep into the ground. In the Spring, as the earth became soft, the lead might sink, even imperceptibly. The years would see a recurrence of this cycle. Time would force moss to find root in the decayed leaves and eventually the lead would be gone from the sight of man altogether. Lead, when compared to gold, has little value, but today, when lead is worth nineteen cents per pound, this treasure-trove would be worth no less than \$3,040.00, a lot of money in anybody's language. So near and yet so far.

Such tales are endless. Many will never come to light solely because of the fact that the main participants never reached civilization. Of these we can only guess so it is better that these be left to the dreamers.

The old house, now long fallen to the onslaughts of time and weather, was a land-mark both by accident and intention. Following is a tale that may one day cause this old Road-house to recall it's forgotten role in the scheme of things.

During the 'eighties of the last century when Cariboo saw many new faces, two men landed at the Quesnelle Forks and instead of following the trail to Richfield and Barkerville decided to cut across the mountains in the hope of discovering a portion of the region as yet unexplored by the gold-seekers. Their trip proved to be uneventful until the last night spent in the mountains. Darkness was falling fast as the men made camp, again on a mountain-top. Neither of the men knew much of the value of gold, both having come from Gelngarry, Ontario

concluded on page 18

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Indians of The Northwest

By M.W. BOSS

IN THIS ISSUE:

THE TSIMPSEANS

THE TSIMPSEANS

FORT SIMPSON, B. C.

WE ARRIVED BACK from Graham Island in the Fall of 1893 and again took up residence in Bishop Ridley's house - on the hill back of the Hudson's Bay Fort. We noticed how modern the Indians had become. Very few old houses remained and just the odd totem left standing.

The Methodist Mission had now included a new Indian Boys and Girls Home and Dr. Bolton was working hard to secure funds for a Hospital and soon his fondest dream was realized, including a doctors residence.

Shortly after the Anglicans decided on a church off the reserve and St Catherines was erected on the Bishop's land. When the workmen were excavating for a foundation many ancient skeletons were dug up and placed in one pit and marked "In memory of the dark ages." Not even Indians could account for the burial ground - but since my little brother "Tiny" Alexander found a small Russian bell at the scene, all concluded it resulted years ago when Indians and Russians were at war. (The little bell is in the Provincial Archives at Victoria.) Then as the little church neared completion we were obliged to move to accommodate the Rector, Mr. F. L. Stephenson. So Father, bought the old "Hard-tack Factory" from the Hudson's Bay. He engaged some clever Japanese carpenters who opened up the floor, and dropped the machinery to the ground. New floors, walls, partitions and spiral stairway were added. Also a long veranda and new windows. There were eight rooms and lean-to-sheds and a barn - an ideal home and facing the beach and western horizon.

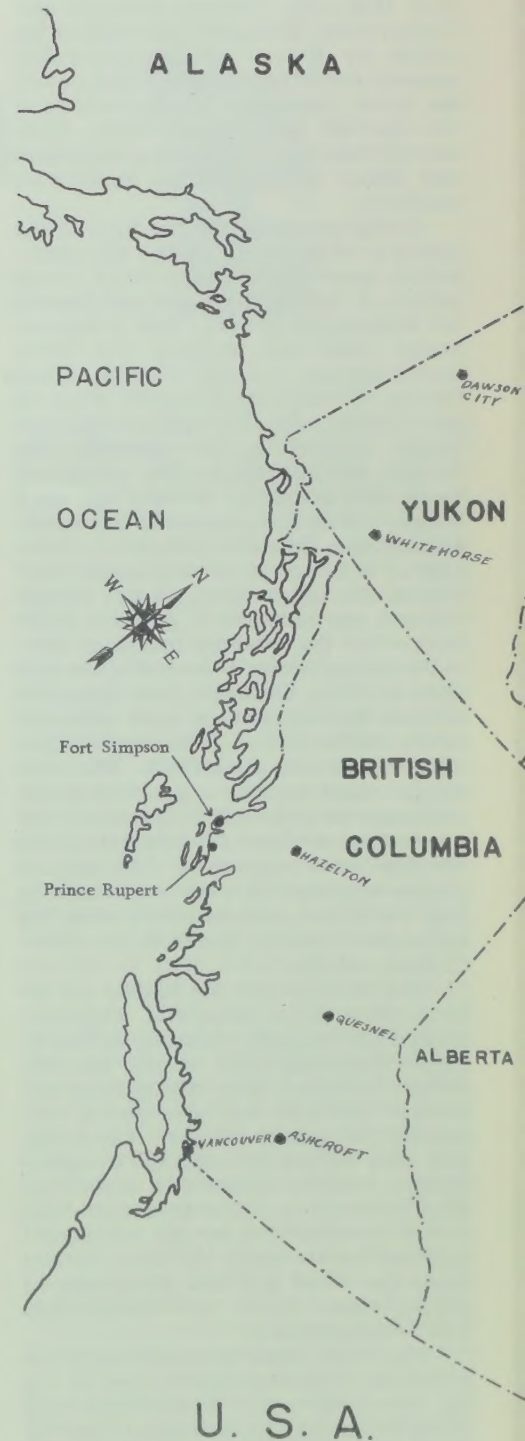
There we spent many happy days - and I had ample time to study the Indians. For a time Father was Stipendiary Magistrate. He tried the court cases and often the Indians came to escort him to their Council to settle their civic differences. After his death I was appointed Government Telegraph operator and during the time I held office I had only one scrap with an Indian, otherwise they were most courteous and felt so important they

always offered me the change, and I would have to explain that it was against the rules of the Service. But on the one occasion I speak of, the line went down after I dispatched the message. The Indian came back twice for his answer, and there was no luck. He suddenly turned on me and shouted, "Maybe you don't send my letter and keep my money!" I was so surprised and angry I shouted, "Alright I'll call the police!" Immediately he reacted and apologized by saying, "Excuse me Ma-am, I do not mean what I say-" and turned to leave. Just then I heard the operator at Hazelton and there was the Indian's answer. I beckoned for him to wait and we parted "Kloose Tillicums" again.

These Indians were not as handsome as the Interior tribes, but on the other hand bursting with brains, mastering any type of learning. They had already a fine brass band of thirty pieces, and for seven years won honors over seven Indian Bands at the B. C. Exhibitions. However they so readily adopted the whiteman's ideas they dropped their individual arts and crafts.

The Tsimpsians were an itinerant race and constantly on the move. The first time I saw the fishermen leaving in the early spring for the Oolachan run on the Naas River, I thought it was a beautiful sight. The long line of canoes glided away in a heavy snow storm and was soon lost to view. These candle-fish or small-fish were caught in fine nets in running ice floes. Then dumped into tall chimney-like stacks of logs and allowed to deteriorate so that when red hot rocks were thrown in on the mass the oil was extracted and flowed off at the base into cans or boxes. This "hum-grease" was butter to the natives and traded to neighboring tribes. Also the dried and smoked - fresh and salted Oolachan found a ready market with both Indians and whites.

At the conclusion of small-fish season the Indians returned home for a short deep-sea fishing and big game hunt until the salmon canning season - about the end of May. Then the canoes



got away and their village was practically deserted until the middle of September. From the Skeena and Naas rivers the fishermen boarded the coastal steamers and took off for the hop-picking at the Fraser River towns. After this job, these people returned for a second hunt on Dundas Island or Work Channel and in a couple of weeks returned home loaded with the Christmas kill. There was plenty of Monach (venison) especially to take the place of turkey.

Then commenced a regular house



Part of the Indian Reservation at Fort Simpson in 1910. In the distance can be seen Bernie Island. The natives were an industrious lot as can be seen by the type of homes they built, many of which had been standing for years. In contrast Prince Rupert (below), in 1908 was a huddle of shacks.



cleaning and decorations of house and village streets. On the Holy Eve many candles burned brightly in every window of every house. Christmas carols were sung at midnight and the choristers served refreshments at the Hudson's Bay Fort, the Hospital, Mission House and Eagle-house, home of Chief Alfred Dudoward and family. Christmas morning divine service was held in the gayly decorated Methodist Church. There in the midst of evergreens and paper flowers, sat a largenative congregation, full Indian choir and band. Above the chancel hung a large painting of the "Nativity" done in house paints by a native artist Fred Alexhee - the inscription read, "There are angels hobbling 'round."

The Rev. Thos. Crosby was then the missionary and preached the stirring sermon with Mrs. Dudoward, the Chief's wife acting as interpreter. Well! If the parson didn't make an impression on his congregation he no doubt put the fear of the Lord into them by his shouting. At the conclusion of the service the choir and band

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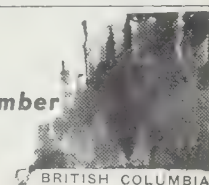
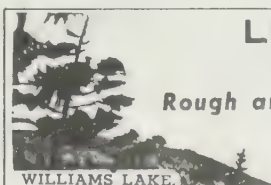
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struck up the National Anthem, an old canon at the door boomed out a Glad Tidings and all shouted a "Melly, melly Christmas to all." Then followed a full week of celebrations. There were feasts, band concerts, canoe races, ball games and sham battles (Hiadas and Tsimpseans); fire and rifle drills, tug of war and old-time war dances. A "Watch Night Service" followed by fireworks on New Year's Eve usually brought all public activities to an end for another year.

In 1900 this tribe clubed together and built a lovely modern home for their Chief and his family in a beautiful secluded cove on Rose Island.

The three storied residence was handsomely furnished and since three of the Dudoward chiefs have succeeded to the title. I remember being a guest at the late Ernest Dudoward's wedding. He was a fine clean cut young man of Indian and French extraction and his lovely wife, a tall fair, graceful girl. Annie was a daughter of Captain Livingston one of the early navigators. Her mother I did not know.

Annie and her Chief Ernest were married at the Mission Church. I was not there but in the evening had the pleasure of attending their wedding feast in the Rifle Hall. The room was hung with flags and decorated with evergreens, etc. The Band was there near an upper dais which accommodated the bridal party, near relatives including the Chief and Mrs. Dudoward, the Rev. Mr. G. H. Raley, the Rev. Mr. Wm. Hogan and their wives. There were also some Government officials and members of the Hudson's Bay Company present. The dinner consisted of roast venison with all the trimmings and the table centred by a huge wedding cake. Some 200 Indians sat at long tables on the floor of the house. Rows of apples and piles of pilot bread adorned the long stands while a good "Irish Stew" of venison was served to all. The band played during the feast and when over the Indians spread bandanas on the table and helped themselves to the left-over apples and crackers. On the other hand at the Bride's table the guests received a liberal bit of wedding cake.

It was customary then that the bridegroom's father footed all expenses even to the bride's and her attendant's trousseau. The after-dinner speeches were long and many and enjoyed only by those who could speak "Shim-yalia."

Following the feast the whites were entertained at a dance and more wedding cake at "Eagle House."

I hear now from Annie that since her Chief's death the old dwelling is condemned and must go. Also that his brother, Fred Dudoward will succeed to the title, Chief Dudoward 111 of the Tsimpseans.

The first Tsimpsean chief of the Dudoward line was Alfred; a striking looking figure, but he spoke very little English. His wife, a clever interpreter, received an education at the old "Angela" college in Victoria, B.C. and therefore acted as right-hand assistant to the Chief at his Council Meetings. She also was in great demand at the Mission where she translated for fifty years. There were seven children in the family, all good looking and talented in music and painting. William the eldest, died young. The two daughters married Riverboat Captains, Geo. Magar and J. Watson and left the Indian Reserve. But the rest of the family as they mar-

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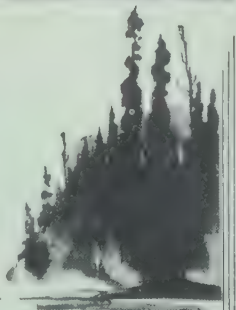
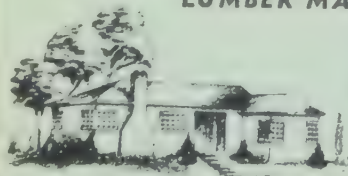
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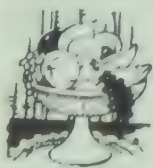
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Chief Legaic's monument as it looks today. Before he died in 1891 his chief hope was that upon dying no one would find his body for five hours - as it was his belief that it would take that long for his soul to reach heaven. God was good to him - they didn't find him for eight hours, after his death.

ried, took their wives into the Eagle House and there lived as one big happy family.

This earlier Chief Paul Legaic and his forefathers were not "head chiefs" of the Tsimpseans but for only a group. A fine monument stands on a village street at Fort Simpson, with the following inscription: "In memory of 1st Legaic, a head chief - Died a long time ago, before the white people came.

- also -

Three other head chiefs, named Legaic

- also -

Paul Legaic, a head chief of the Tsimpsean Nation who died a christian at Ft. Simpson, B.C. Jany. 7th, 1891.

- Aged 45 years -

Paul Legaic said the day he died to his people - "One thing I hope - I would like to die in a lonely place so no one would find me - for 5 hours - For I think I should by that time be in heaven. And if they find my body after that - they can do as they will.

-His body was found 8 hours later - God gave him more than he asked for."

For many years this tombstone has been a source of entertainment by tourist and visitor to the Reserve of Ft. Simpson.

Some years ago I came across a very fine monument in Ross Bay Cemetery dedicated to Susie Legaic Prior (first wife of Col. Charles Prior) and learned since she was a daughter of an early Hudson Bay Company Factor named Work and therefore a descendant of the Legaics - on her Indian mother's side.

Tombstones were greatly treasured by the Tsimpseans. The price was of no consequence and still I have

known them to dump a valuable stone into the sea as near as possible to the scene of a drowning accident of some relative. In another case a Hazelton woman ordered the stone-cutter to cement a fifty dollar gold nugget into the marble. Mr. Rudge, the sculptor told a couple of prospectors this story and immediately they decided to do some night prospecting when they reached Hazelton, in the cemetery there. Another time an Indian from the then heathen village of La-cal-zap on the Naas River, ordered a grave stone from Mr. Rudge's "Marble Works." The brave was enroute to the Inverness Salmon Cannery for the season's fishing when he ordered the stone and was given the price he immediately replied, "I pay you fifty dollars now and the balance after fishin'. You know you can trust me George! I'm not one of your Christians!"

These Indians were very superstitious and in the event of an accident will never again frequent certain places. They will leave signs too, to warn others of their tribe not to venture. I remember once a young Indian

continued on page 14

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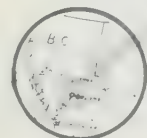
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ALONG THE TRAPLINE



Deep in the backwoods many odd and interesting incidents occur to our pioneering folk. Some of them will be related under the above title each month



By N.R. CAMPBELL

IT WAS A QUESTION of who really owned the coyote. It all happened like this. Nan was returning home from a visit with her nearest neighbor a mile and a half to the west when she met the neighbor living east of us, driving along the grassy trail. She stopped just for a friendly chat.

"Look," Charlie exclaimed. There coming down the trail was a large coyote. Had the team been moving, he might have dashed into the bush, but all was quiet so he promptly sat down in the middle of the trail apparently to take a better look. He was a large coyote and the frosty autumn nights had made his hair stand out thick and dark while the black forepaws shaded into a lighter grey tinged with yellow on the under part of his body.

"Isn't he pretty?" Nan breathed. "Pretty --- he's a perfect shot if ever there was one," Charlie replied. "I'd take a shot at him too, if I wasn't afraid the horses would run away."

Thinking of her few plump chickens

at home, Nan had volunteered to hold the horses for him. As she climbed into the democrat, Charlie slid out the other side, gun in hand. The coyote still sat in the trail, head slightly to one side watching the proceedings. Charlie went cautiously a few paces closer to the coyote and then a shot rang out. With a howl the coyote leaped into the air and was gone.

"Must have fired a bit too low," Charlie muttered, when he returned. "I could see where the bullet hit the ground just where he had been sitting but there are no signs of blood. I must have missed him but I don't see how I could have."

About a week later I caught a large coyote in a trap not far from our cabin. When I skinned him, I found a fresh bullet wound well up on the fleshy part of one hind leg. The bullet had gone completely through leaving a clean wound that was just beginning to heal. No doubt the soreness in that leg had made it difficult for the coyote to procure food and he had become less

wary than usual.

"By good rights, that coyote belongs to me," Charlie remarked one day, "because I shot him."

"Maybe you did," I retorted, "but just remember that possession is always nine points of the law and I've got him."



ODE TO A COW

All hail, all hail the noble cow!
To me, oh cow, you are a wow.
I love you, tame and gentle creature,
I'm always very glad to meet yure;
Oh, lift your stately head and toss it,
And let me shake your every faucet.

• • •
All hail to you on this, your hay-day,
For all that ever-loving Grade A.
Oh cow, it's fun your skin valise
Will give out milk and cottage cheese,
And cream cheese too, so mild and mellow,
Plus Limburger so strong and smellow.
You always give; you never slip;
You are the country's biggest drip;
You don't hold out, you give in quickly;
You always gush, you're never trickily;
You chew up hay as fine as silk;
You churn it up and out comes milk.
Oh cow, the people of this nation
Owe you much appreciation.
From now until the dimmest future,
Human beings will salute yure.

• • •
You're a charming cow, you have no faults,
And you're behind all chocolate malts;
Each noon the customers at Liggett's
Pay a tribute to your spiggots.
Let me salute your noble udder;
You're my sister, I'm your brudder.
I meet you with heart and stomach full,
Oh dairy cow, and that's no bull.
And so in closing let me state
You are my favourite vertebrate,
And during milking time, keep on humming,
Don't worry dear, the Yanks are coming!

-courtesy VAN ECO

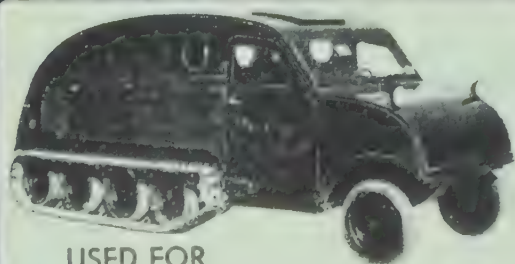
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JEST IN FUN



While the man was busily engaged in entertaining his neighbor's wife, the telephone rang. The neighbor's wife answered it and this conversation followed: "Hello, oh, yes." "O K, honey, see you later."

"Who was that?" asked her boy friend.

"Oh, just my husband calling to tell me he was playing poker with you and wouldn't be home until late."

"Is it a modern farm house?"

"No. Five rooms and a path."

"She jilted me."

"Well, why didn't you tell her about your rich uncle?"

"I did. Now she's my aunt."

Two completely inebriated gentlemen were driving along the highway. Suddenly the one on the right cautioned to his friend: "Better turn out for that bridge that's coming toward us."

"What are you telling me for?" replied the other, "ain't you driving?"

A passerby stopped to watch an old man weeding in his garden.

"Which weeds do you consider the easiest to kill?" he asked.

"Widow's weeds," answered the old man. "You only have to say 'wilt thou' and they wilt."

"The C.A.E.D. dinner is next week", said Mrs. Morgan. "What color dress are you going to wear?"

"Well," replied Mrs. Smith, "we are supposed to wear something to match our husbands hair, so I'm going to wear black. What will you wear?"

"Gracious me!" exclaimed Mrs. Morgan, "I don't think I'll go."

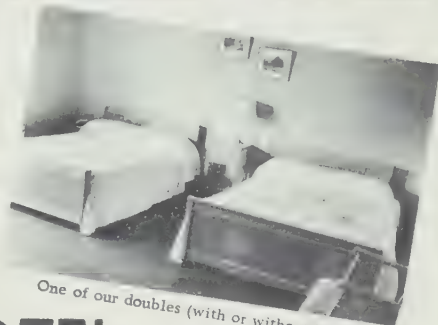


One of the chief problems confronting the new Social Credit government of B.C. is how best to inaugurate the sale of liquor by the glass. Six months ago the people of the province voted a broad "yes", but still no license has been issued - the exact method of licensing and sale is being determined by a three-man commission. The smart cocktail lounge shown above is one of the latest to be opened in the Yukon Territory - and is part of the service offered by the auto court known as Tourist Services Ltd. at Whitehorse. In Yukon it is still impossible to get beer or wine with meals, but in most cases cafes adjoin the cocktail lounges.



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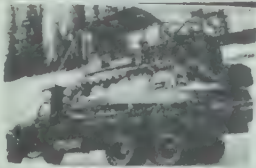
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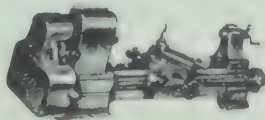


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"Eagle House", home of the Chief of the Tsimpseans - built in 1899 at Ft. Simpson, which at that time was the largest settlement on Canada's Pacific coast north of Queen Charlotte Sound.

boy fell off a cliff while goat hunting on Observatory Inlet. His body was recovered and brought to Ft. Simpson for burial. At the grave new guns, ammunition and Hudson Bay blankets were deposited with the deceased to aid him on his journey to the Happy Hunting grounds. But the mountain where the tragedy occurred was condemned from then on. Shortly after the burial the police arrested two white prospectors for having these same guns in their possession. However the evidence did not warrant their conviction and the miners went on their way. No doubt the J. P. had his own sensible ideas of the case too.

These Indians were familiar with the art of embalming as about 1909 a party of us found Indian mummies on Birnie Island. There were some half dozen or more rough hewn boxes resting in a narrow pit, with the top coffin even with the floor of the cave. Crystals hung from the walls, now what was that substance? Was it salt from the sea below or some mineral acting as a preservative to these bodies?

We only uncovered the top boards weighed down by large rocks. A little woman looked very natural with almost a tinge of color in the parchment but as we touched her purple velvet dress it fell to dust around her. There was a paper, a bill-head in the box signed W. Duncan and dated 1857 - probably the early Trader and later the early missionary who fell out with the Bishop and took some 500 Indians from Canada and started a new Meeta-kaeta on Annette Island, Alaska. After visiting the mummies for a third time we heard the cave was reported empty. Supposition had it an American boat had slid in behind the Island at dawn and found some place in some Amer-

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ican museum. Birnie Island is at the entrance of the Ft. Simpson harbour and only 12 miles across the Tongas Narrows from Alaska.

Among the Tsimpseans was an old timer who called himself George Pemberton. He claimed to be the last of the "Pemberton Braves" who visited Queen Victoria of England when an Indian delegation aired their grievances. The party presented Her Majesty with sixty twenty gold dollar coins (American) and some valuable ermine. In return the Queen favored them with an address and colored picture of herself, autographed and sealed. Some scrolls, medals, gold-headed canes - toppers, dress suits and stuffed shirts were added. That was sufficient and the Party returned in peace. When I knew old George he had become so lightened he refused to associate with his own people on the Reserve and called them "Siwashes." The old man built himself a clump of cabins on Work Channel five miles from the town and lived alone. The Indians retaliated by calling his place "Louse Town." But there the old man lived for years. He used to paddle across the harbor for his supplies and would only joke with the white men. He always claimed he would not trust a Bank and buried his money at the root of trees. But he was such an old joker no one took any notice of his talk.

Another outstanding character of the Tsimpseans was Johnnie Tate. He had a small general store and restaurant - dealt in boats and was the most energetic Indian I had known. His wife often left him and it would cost Johnnie a feast each time before he could persuade her to come back to him. Finally Mary died and Johnnie dressed her in a grey flannel man's shirt that cost seventy five cents; when the clerk



Ornate little huts of fanciful design (above) are a characteristic of Indian graveyards throughout the north. When a hut was not built (to house the spirit) a stone monument, often resembling a totem, was erected. (below)

at the Fort suggested something nicer he replied, "He's good enough for him." On her tombstone he had engraved - "There is no hope in her death."

One day while Johnnie was unpacking a stove in his store he could not find one leg. So he at once wrote a letter to the firm at Vancouver to advise them of the missing part. But before he sent the letter he came across the leg so added this P.S. "Excuse me Mister, I find my foot inside my stove," and posted it forthwith! The poor ignorant fellow went out of business underselling the Hudson's Bay Company and Boyd Young. He never took into consideration his carriage, wharf, freight charges, over and above cost charges. So soon his shelves were bare and Johnnie closed up shop and went fishing.

During the time Dr. W. T. Kergin was Medical Superintendent at the Fort Simpson Hospital he worked day and night for these Indians and then they



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amused us all by saying he "washed the people too much and make him die," also that he put water in his medicine; in fact they were quite sure of it.

Dr. Kergin and family left in 1910 for the new Railway Terminus at Prince Rupert. The Government Agent Mr. Wm. Manson and family left at an earlier date for the new Court House there. He was accompanied by the staff - Mr. J. Conway, Mr. Herb. Jourg and Miss Grace Davis. Both whites and Indians were evacuating for the new town. The Anglican minister Mr. Hogan was moved to Massett and St. Catharines, the beautiful little church was closed. I was ordered by the Government Telegraph Superintendent to go to Anyox, which was then a shack town and mud hole. I resigned the Telegraphs then. In short I did the same when I was ordered to pack the weather instruments and proceed to Prince Rupert. Not much better than Anyox and very high cost of living. So Mr. Dowling of Atlin went to fill the position and Mr. Leo Waugh filled the Anyox order. This all resulted in Fort Simpson becoming a phone station. Soon after fire destroyed the Land Office, Bishop Ridley's fine Rectory, both Anglican and Methodist churches; the Crosby Indian Girls Home, the Government Land offices and the historical old Hudson's Bay Fort was completely wiped out in 1913. Our house was donated to the Hospital for drying sheds, so was torn down for the lumber. Few of the 700 Indians remained. Some scattered for employ-

ment and bright lights of Prince Rupert leaving their once fine homes to fall into ruins.

Nevertheless Fort Simpson is a grand haven of peace and plenty for those who still remain. The scenery is magnificent, the village nestles on twin harbours, protected by small islands. The same moon rises over snow-capped Mt. Neil in the background, shedding a silvery light across the harbour. The same sun goes down over the Alaskan Hills or drops like a ball of fire into the sea, leaving sky and sea a scene no artist can paint. In due season the hills are covered with wild huckleberries and later comes the cranberries and geese. Other wild game such as ducks, grouse, deer and bear are plentiful. Salmon, herring, halibut, cod, flounders, and perch are to be had for the fishing. The beaches are alive with every species of shell fish including limpets, clams, cockles, mussels, crab and octopus - (Indian's Chicken) So with a good potato patch and drift-wood pile one could find a good home despite the high cost of living. My good Mother used to say, "It's really a fine place for when the tide is out, ones table is set." Another old-timer always advised the Che-cha-os that all they needed at Fort Simpson was a spade and an alarm clock - for tide and clams.

Indians sang this chorus while digging a good crop of potatoes - "We hail-doso-seets, Nika a new ya-din-din!" (English - "Plenty of potatoes hear the bells ring!")

Joe sat beside his dying partner, keeping the deathbed watch. Suddenly the dying man began to speak. "Joe," he wheezed. "I have a confession to make to you. I robbed the firm of \$10,000. And that's not all, Joe. I sold a secret formula to the competitors, and I stole the letter from your desk that got your wife her divorce, and Joe . . ."

"That's okay, old man," Joe murmured. "I'm the one who poisoned you."

The newlyweds had just got off their train.

"John, dear," said the bride, "let's try to make people think we've been married a long time."

"All right, honey," was the answer; "you carry the suitcase".

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PAGE 16

NORTHWEST DIGEST - December, 1952

THE BRIDGE

continued from page 5

he would carry it. Mom says people catch cold unbuttoning their clothes outside."

"I guess I never thought of that," Paul said. "Where is your daddy?"

"He was killed in the war."

"Oh," Paul said. He looked at the boy. His brown eyes were clear and unafraid, and his chin set and jutting forth in a slightly stubborn angle. "That's a nice hockey stick you have."

"I got it for Christmas. I wasn't supposed to open it until tomorrow, but I talked Mom into letting me open it today. Pretty soon I'll get some skates and I'll be all set."

"Don't you want skates now?"

"Sure. But Mommy says I can't have everything. She says that I have to learn now that the world is a hard place to live in and not many people get everything they want. She says the sooner I realize this the better off I'll be."

"Your mother sounds like a very wise woman."

"She used to be a school teacher. She is going to be one again now that I'm big enough to take care of myself. Pretty soon I'll be a professional hockey player. I've got the legs and arms for it, and I don't drink or smoke, and I know the alphabet and can count up to fifty. Mom says as long as I keep faith in myself I'll be all right."

Paul turned and looked again to the river. Faith! As long as a person had faith in himself. If faith flickered, life flickered with it. But what was faith? It was as difficult to define as love or death. It was just something that was there. Belief in a God, in a life hereafter, the religious would say. No, the atheist would counter. There is no God and there is no hereafter. Faith is belief in yourself and in your fellow man. Do as you would be done by and don't fret about that which you know nothing. Who was right? Paul pondered. What did it matter? Each to his taste.

Gwen must have faith in him or she wouldn't be waiting now. The boy beside him had faith in himself and the future, and the boy's mother must have had a lot of faith in herself when her husband was killed. He looked at the water. He would die someday. Why hasten the process? Why trade the known for the unknown? He had faith in himself and the future or he would not have bought the ring. He looked at the house on the hill. The light still shone into the night. He put his hand in his pocket and brought out his wallet. He took out the bills and handed them to the boy. "Buy yourself some skates, sonny," he said.

The boy took the money and looked

at it. "Gee, there's more'n I can count. My skates are only 6.98."

"Then buy yourself a sleigh and a hockey suit, and spend the rest on a present for your mother."

"I better run then," the boy said, tucking the money carefully into his pocket. "Mom and I can come and buy my skates and her present before the stores close. You are sure you can spare this money," he added, an anxious note creeping into his voice.

Paul took the ring out of his pocket and looked at it. It was all that Gwen and he would have, that and faith in themselves and in the future. It would be enough. "Sure I can spare the money. I'm rich."

"Gee, thanks a lot. Merry Christmas. And don't forget to button your coat."

"Okay," Paul said. "Merry Christmas." He watched the boy a moment and then turned and hurried toward the house on the hill.



"If winter comes....." - First Spring thaw on the road to Barkerville.

photo by A. Luckow, Wells, B.C.

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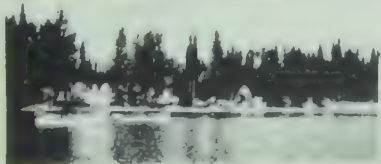
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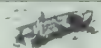
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RAINBOW'S END continued from page 7

where they had served apprenticeship as wheelwrights to a famous firm of carriagemakers. The men, being young, harkened to the call of adventure and hastened to Cariboo with many hundreds of other men and women.

Arriving at the Forks, they had expected to dig gold from the grass-roots by the hands-full and could not, at first, associate great value to such tiny amounts of gold. They had expected to get half a million dollars from a trunk-full of the precious metal but didn't realize that enough gold to cover a fifty cent piece taken from a single pan, mutely foretold of a fabulous fortune hidden beneath their feet.

As a final gesture before turning in for the night while on the last day of their trip from the Forks of the Quesnelle, one of the men decided to pan one more shovelful of gravel. After many inexperienced motions in the act of washing the pebbles and sand, he saw in the bottom of the pan only enough to cover, in a little pile, a fifty-cent piece. He showed the results of his experiment to his companion who exclaimed that he thought people had over estimated Cariboo and that if all turned out to be like that, they should return home immediately.

What they didn't realize at the time, although this part of their education came soon after, that an ounce of gold can be piled onto a fifty cent piece and that, at that time, gold was worth \$16.00 per ounce. Of course everyone knows that \$16.00 per pan is enough to drive men crazy. Men have killed for much less than this.

That is not quite the end of the story. If it were there would be small profit in relating it for it would leave the reader hanging, as it were, at a loose end. There is one small clue,

but small as it seems, it may be the cause of giving someone access to this pot at the end of the Rainbow. The men stated afterwards, as they related their experiences, that from the top of the mountain they could see the old Road-house at Beaver Pass and it appeared to be no more than two miles distant.

These are a few stories of lost Treasure troves waiting in the wilderness of Cariboo for someone with time and money at his disposal to allow postponement of the obligations of life for a summer's holiday in the Hinterlands. This could be both exciting and profitable besides being the fulfilment of many a man's most precious dream.

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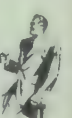
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PIONEER JUDGE'S WIFE
 continued from page 3

brakes.

Once under way in the large coach drawn by four horses, Bagster full tilt down the steep Sooke hills was something to remember even by one who had been in the Cariboo.

We held camps in various places, including at Bowkers; Cordova; Allbay; and by Oyster Bay and Blainey's crossing. The boys had shooting lodges at Sahtlam; Sooke and Leech rivers.

At one hunting place, the stream ran through a veritable Bret Harte land, plus the rich, heavily furred evergreens such as only B.C. can provide.

Walking by the stream, a strange foot mark was noticeable, but no stranger was known, or likely to be about.

Early next morning, a man was just glimpsed slowly wending his way but certainly not furtively, up stream. Followed, he turned into a shack beyond the first wooded knoll.

A knock on the door brought him out.

"What are you doing here?" W. asked.

"Just a little panning in thar stream, stranger. It keeps me alive, along of a bit o' fishing and hunting; not too bad for over 75."

He evidently did not realize he was trespassing. Eighty cents per day from very fine grains of gold pains-takingly sifted every day, was trouble enough without wondering who might own the wilderness. Probably it was Crown land anyway.

The old prospector was allowed to stay and given some provisions for winter - he proved an excellent caretaker and good old fellow.

Then came word from a district hospital. A prompt call there was welcomed by the physician: "Glad you came; you seem to be the only friend he has; no relatives that we can discover. There is nothing the matter with him that we can find. He came to us to get rid of a frog which he said he had inadvertently taken internally while drinking from a stream. We gave him a thorough going over. But he is not convinced that the frog has gone. In fact, the notion seems to be growing into a delusion. We are uncertain how to proceed."

W. made a suggestion.

A few days later the physician put the old man under an operation. As

he came out of a whiff of ether, the nurse showed him a small, green frog.

"Here he is. We got him out at last. You're all right now," she said.

The old patient went away happy.

On W.'s suggestion, a bit of play-acting; a pretence at a minor operation and the frog was "out" sure enough, for it had never been "in" the old prospector.

CHAPTER 34

BROKEN HULKS and BROKEN LIVES

"Here she comes!" I excitedly exclaimed from a launch going up the Gorge when I saw the incoming "Dora Seward."

She was mine. Well, not quite all mine. I had a one-third interest in her.

As the trim schooner from the icy Northern seas glided on to join the long row of other sealers moored in the inner harbour (their tall spars for many a year a Victoria harbour landmark). I was delighted with her even before I was told that she had brought in more skins than the combined total of Captian Grant's "Ainoko," "Penelope," and "Beatrice." In fact, only the "Vera" and the "Arietis" had done better in a fleet of 36 sail.

Capt. Grant was a Capt. Cuttle-ish sort of man, only more authoritative as became a landowner as well. His large home near Point Ellice bridge is one of the oldest in Victoria. On its lawns were once laid out several drowned bodies from the sunken street car that plunged to its doom through the broken bridge nearby.

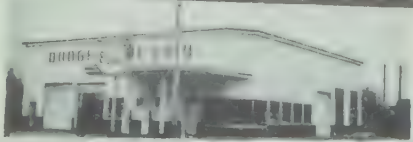
I never stopped to think that maybe I shouldn't even have impersonal shares in such a business. That is a business perhaps not quite in harmony with the spirit of animal humane societies.

But whether one regarded sealing

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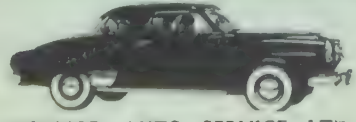
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as a humane sort of work or not, the fact is that a great many old timers depended on it for their livelihood.

When the sealers came back from their rough wild voyages, having survived arctic wind and waves, and announced a good catch it meant relief to hundreds. To sea captains and men; to ship chandlers, their families not to mention the ship owners and the public in general.

The old papers featured these headlines: "FAIR PROFITS FOR SEALERS. Although Coast Average LESS THAN LAST YEAR'S, EXPENSES WILL BE CLEARED. WHITE HUNTERS MOST SUCCESSFUL -- OWNERS WILL SHIP TO LONDON ON SPECULATION."

A spring catch ran from 10,472 to 15,896 skins and none were offered to local buyers.

Then later came these cheering headlines: "HIGH PRICES FOR SEAL SKINS. Season's catch sold in London at highest figure on record. Sealers jubilant over result as 1902 was an off year."

To facilitate the business handling of ships, my father with six other ship owners formed a holding company - The Victoria Sealing Company, Ltd., in 1900. The name of its agent printed in the company's articles is Francis Brooke Gregory, a general legal practitioner, and colonel of the famous 5th Regiment of Coast Artillery; later a Justice of the Supreme Court.

Capt. Grant was one of the incorporators.

Business was good; the fleet was intact and in excellent shape.

Then came an international treaty for the preservation and protection of fur seals. It closed down all operations, for years to come.

As compensation to the sealers, the Canadian government received \$450,000., later over one million.

A Commissioner from Quebec who had been secretary to the Board of Arbitration to determine disputed matters on account between Ontario and Quebec, 1893, was appointed: Louis Arthur Audette.

Sittings were held at various places in B. C. According to the report (Comm. vol. 3, p. 3) the Commissioner said: "Had it not been for the tenacity of The Victoria Sealing Company remaining in existence, Canada would not have been in as good position to make this treaty with the United States... As a result of their operations they certainly kept Canada in the business." (Comm. vol. 3, p. 8).

He made other admissions of the sort (Comm. vol. 1, p. 309; vol. 4, p. 922).

Mr. Found, Deputy Minister of Fisheries, wrote a memorandum for the guidance of the Commission in which he said: "Morally, there is no



Victoria was once the headquarters of the greatest sealing fleet in the world - after treaty - fleet rotted in the harbour.

question but that the Victoria Sealing Company should receive compensation and that such compensation should be as generous as possible compatible with conditions." And he suggested that it be the \$200,000 advance payment which the U. S. had already made under the treaty.

Despite that, Commissioner Audette reported back to Parliament that in his opinion the Victoria Sealing Company should receive nothing!

According to papers in my possession, the late Premier Brewster of B. C. and Sir Wilfred Laurier were indignant.

My husband, with some of the Directors, made a special trip to Ottawa to show that Parliament should not be prejudiced against the Company's claims by Commissioner Audette's advisory report.

Sir Wilfred Laurier wrote July 14, 1917: "I certainly will support the proposition that you are entitled to compensation, as I suggested to you verbally."

Again, later, he wrote: "...If I were in your place, I would try again next session. Each new effort will bring you nearer to success."

These efforts continued for years and dragged along like the supposed Chancery case of Jarndyce v. Jarndyce with like tragic results. Fine sealing schooners rotted at their moorings - only a very few were sold at a low price for scows and the like.

Going one day down to the beach at a summer place, I saw one of the sealing ships lying on its side, stuck in the mud, and photographed it.

Many lives - old tired lives - were broken by the failure of compensation to come although now and then the prospect of justice at last glittered in view, only to ever prove a mirage.

Broken hulks; broken lives. I personally lost upwards of \$12,000. including my own interest as well as that which became mine through the estates of decedents.

Yet in the papers before me, Sir Wilfred Laurier had written... "You have justice on your side, and I feel confident that you ought to win and will."

(See also his criticism of the Audette report, House of Commons debates 6299 & 6300, on the floor of the House, September 18, 1917).

EDITOR'S NOTE

Due to the treaty England made for Canada without representation in London, Canada lost all rights to the U. S. A. to continue in the fur sealing business, even denying Canadian Indians the right to kill fur seals inside the three mile limit, for food and clothing.

The largest sealing fleet in the world sailed out of Victoria in the days Eunice Harrison writes of. The sealing vessels were for the most part manned by Nova Scotians and Newfoundlanders, their captains bringing the ships around the Horn.

It was from a sealing trip out of Victoria that Jack London wrote his famous "Sea Wolf" - Capt. Sandy McLean was his captain on that voyage. These captains were masters of their ships and crews - staying on deck for three and four weeks at a time, fighting storms and Russians alike.

This treaty Eunice Harrison mentions which destroyed the sealing business for Canada even to this day, 1952, sees the U. S. A. cutters escorting the yearly migration of seals from San Francisco to Alaska. Needless to say this was the last treaty England made for Canada.

CHAPTER 35

"YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU"

MANY REMARKABLE characters and individualists have come to Vancouver Island from time to time, and have stayed awhile, returned, and

come North again; perhaps a number of times.

Of all of them in Victoria's long history, I don't suppose any were more remarkable than Miss T. from Boston.

She was a thin maiden lady of rather patrician features and quite light hair.

She had inherited very extensive properties and was said to be worth several hundred thousand if not a million or more.

There was no doubt that she had it, but she lived very modestly indeed in one room and bath at a private, select pension. She was somewhat older than either of us and had known my husband and me in the earliest days.

At the turn of the century she was coming North to summer awhile.

We were sorry to soon discover that Miss T's chief interest lay in a small, rather mishapen poodle dog. This dog had an extensive wardrobe and its clothes were quite often changed in the course of a day. I am bound to say that even the most ardent dog lover would have some difficulty in admitting this lazy, over-petted creature into his circle. After seeing it and its actions, that is.

If spoiled children are a trial, spoiled canines are worse. At least the manager of the pension thought so to judge from the silent agony depicted on his face when the dog's antics unpleasantly forced its existence on his notice.

One day a messenger came to the house with an urgent message for me. I tore it open. No one was dead, but Miss T. seemed near to it, for I was urgently begged to call upon her without delay.

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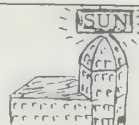
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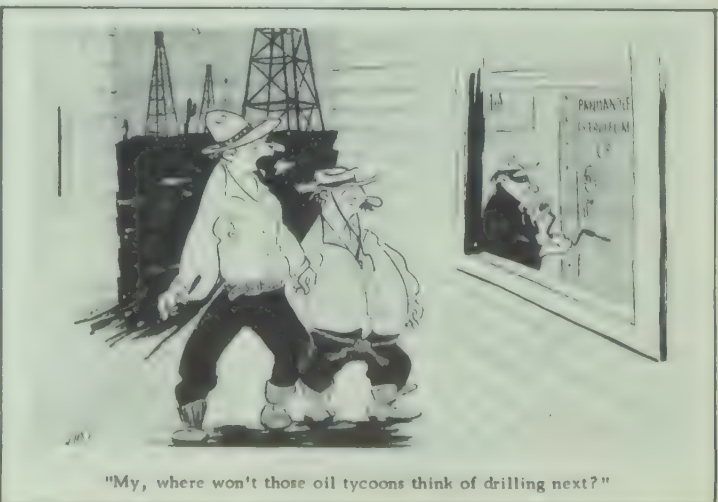
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I was about the nearest friend Miss

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T. had in the district; she copiously wept on my breast and I did my best to comfort her. The proprietor, at any rate, was comforted by my appearance for he had begun to tremble for fear Miss T would fall into some uncontrollable fit that was beyond his power to cope with.

Miss T's grief lasted a long time. It would have troubled anyone's heart had it been over some fine, devoted dog, but I confess that as much as I sympathized with anyone in sorrow, the thought of that horrid, spoiled, stupid poodle froze my sympathy.

She did not suspect, so far as I know, that some annoyed neighbour well might have been pressed beyond the enduring point and had stooped to poison.

For days Miss T kept her room and then, when she did come forth, it was in deep mourning.

She wore mourning for the rest of her life for this dog and on occasions tied crepe to the cushions in memory (the creature spent most of its day on a silk cushion). None of her friends could induce Miss T to abandon mourning.

She owned buildings - in which were stores, places of amusement etc. and large vacant lots. She paid a heavy taxation, and that on the lots was above all reason. The value having been fixed for taxation purposes during a boom, what she had to pay was pretty fantastic.

Strange to say, although she complained bitterly about the absurd taxation, yet, when, at last, some purchaser ready, willing and able was found who would pay a good price, she would wilfully refuse, although the offer would have relieved her and given her a good sum.

In this way she capriciously lost many chances and, in the end, many a piece went to the city for the tax arrears which at last accumulated.

It was, therefore, a most aggravating thing for anyone to try to help her in a business way.

This went on for years, as she would, every other year or so travel up and down the coast, staying at this hotel and at that.

Came the day when my husband and I stood beside her open coffin in a Southern State burial parlour.

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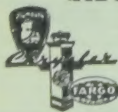
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She looked as she had ever done. As much as we were sincerely sorry to see her thus, the idea back of that since famous phrase "You can't take it with you," came to me.

For she had rarely been happy herself or conferred it on others. More than one simple hearted young woman who had served her every whim through the years, as companion, at meagre pay -- possibly led on through the hard discipline by broad hints of a substantial legacy -- found her labour and life spent in vain.

Miss T did not die poor. On the contrary she left several hundred thousand. Her will, if she ever made one, was never found, so far as known. Very remote connections, who had not put up with her trying peculiarities for years, and who had, in fact, scarce known of her existence, came in for handsome shares in the general distribution among many of remote relation.

Going to the hotel where she had been staying, I found much the same story as in the far earlier days of "Chick-lit's" death. The manager had wanted her to leave, for, while she paid her bills, the bell boys came to resent an exacting daily service unrewarded by the usual tips. Moreover, the manager said, as tactfully as he could, that she seemed to lack appropriate wardrobe and would wear odd-coloured stockings etc. And that didn't help a hotel of his grade etc.

He couldn't seem to understand that she was really rich. But we were more surprised by another discovery.

Almost by chance we went with an attorney to a remote part of a marine hill overlooking the harbour. There in a rarely lovely spot, so unobtainable in that city, was a fine stucco house. Hardwood floors and every room vacant. At least that is what we thought.

Mounting a further pair of stairs there was one more door off the highest hall. "This is an empty house," one said. But turning the handle of

that one remaining room disproved it. It was a fully furnished bedroom; a four poster bed; an abundance of clean linen and clothes etc.

This property had long stood in her name, as legal owner, yet had remained unoccupied for a long time - there were no neighbouring houses within sight. But once in a rare while she must have spent a day or night there. She had lived at the local hotel for years; had lived at hotels in other cities for years. She had had close business advisers, yet none knew of the house. No physician, no friend, no companion had had an inkling of it. We learned of its existence through a careful search of the county tax records when we drove into town to learn what could be found as to her death.

Why she had lived and died in this unsatisfactory if not somewhat surreptitious way, none seemed to know.

Had she had secret love affairs? None that we ever heard or could discover after her death. Naturally, since there was a large estate and no will, her past was investigated by many.

But if you happen to know "all about" Queen Elizabeth (1) you should know. So said her local physician, with a slow, cynical and rather unpleasant smile. He said he had recently been reading a new book on England's "Virgin Queen." "You have the answer to the riddle of her personality, there. Miss T immediately occurred to me when I read the book. She was just the same."

Driving to another and distant city perhaps 1500 miles away, I stood in a woman doctor's office, for Miss T had also lived in that city her usual cloistered life. "Yes, I was her physician for a long time and she came to me whenever she lived in this city. I know nothing of her business matters. In fact I know nothing at all, except one thing. Miss T was a member of (here she gave the name of a rather crude secret society I had never heard of). She went rather deep in it, but abruptly refused to go beyond a certain point as she said the instructions had become, definitely, the "black art."

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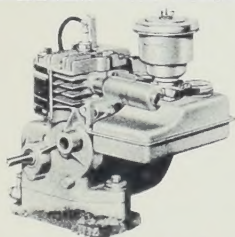
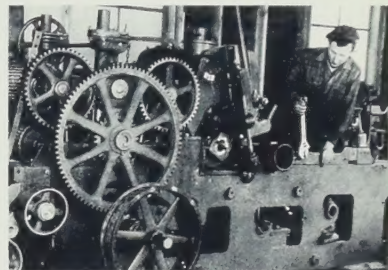


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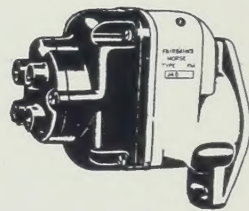
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